

Daily Eagle

M. M. NURDOCK, Editor.

Will It Be Dewey or Bryan, or Both.

The itinerary for Admiral Dewey and wife has been arranged. They leave Washington for the windy wonder of the wild and woolly west in a special train next Sunday morning, bearing the blessings of McKinley and the well wishes of everybody. The admiral, his wife, maid, aids, secretary and valet are to be handled with kid gloves. The admiral is sent out as the hero of the people, Mrs. Dewey goes as the pet of the admiral, and the aids, maids and valet as the wards and waiters to a very extraordinary function, which is more political than social. From Chicago the special train is scheduled for St. Louis, Memphis, Nashville, Knoxville and around the southern circle to Washington again where the ostentatious and regal combine will alight and await the result of the demonstration, when the admiral will determine whether he is a Republican, a Democrat or an Independent, who, having won beyond his wildest dreams, is no longer capable of measuring his aspirations or of limiting his own ambitions or those of the woman to whom he deeded his house.

However much Admiral Dewey may deserve our gratitude, he is as surely entitled to our sympathies. From the hour of the receipt of the first cablegram of congratulations dispatched him by the president upon that auspicious event in the Bay of Manila, George W. Dewey, the farmer boy of Vermont, and later captain in the navy, has been the recipient of more adulation than any mere human being could accept and keep his senses. Commendations, approvals, en. comiums, benedictions, tributes, praises, hosannas, and paeans were poured in upon him by the shipload. As he leisurely sailed back around the world he was met by these at every port, and upon his final arrival on his native shores he was presented with a mansion and awarded one of the fairest and richest women of all the land for a wife. For months Dewey hasn't known whether he was afoot or horseback. He was only convinced that having been the entire shooting match on the water he must be the whole thing on the land. Having figuratively captured ten millions of Malaysians, the eighty millions of Americans were his by the right of conquest. At least he seems to have so deemed, overlooking the fact that McKinley already has a cinch on forty-five or fifty millions of these, not counting the Philippines, the Porto Ricans nor the Cubans.

Whether because of McKinley's claim or the desire of a contingent of dissatisfied Democrats for a man who could swing the situation, or from his own personal ambitions or the longings of the woman, the hero of Manila unexpectedly to his fellow-citizens announces himself as a candidate for the presidency of the republic. In the absence of a platform and backed up by no party, the bridge-man of the Olympia is projecting himself for the chief magistracy, via Chicago, St. Louis and Tennessee, with the well wishes of everybody except the Republican and Democratic parties, but with the knowledge upon the part of the many that Admiral Dewey will not be an honored guest at the banquet of the Sunflower League and the all-around dread that the naval hero of the nineteenth century is making a fool of himself.

Breidenthal Leads in the Race.

John Breidenthal, the Topolobampo pet and Pop Prohibitionist, correlated the solid delegations from all the county conventions held by his party in the state last Saturday, gave one, and his nomination might as well be conceded, unless the Democrats, who have it up their nostrils over the results of the Sixth and Seventh congressional districts, refuse to do any more sliding on the cellar door of Fusion. Breidenthal's popularity seems to be indefinite in quantity and quality. He unquestionably commands the admiration of the bankers and railroad men of the state without regard to party. But he is not loved by many Pops for the enemies he has failed to make, nor exactly appreciated by sumptuary Democrats, who do not hold to legalizing Puritanism. Breidenthal to be nominated with any show for an election must have the trine forces solid. But there are a good many Democrats who are declaring that the Pops must pull off their candidates for congress in the Sixth and Seventh districts, or otherwise they must go it alone in the gubernatorial race. In the mean time there are about one thousand local candidates for county and minor positions in the state who are having no show in the failure of Fusion are well nigh scared to death. These are willing to sacrifice congressmen, governors and everything so they can have a show for holding down the local situation. And Breidenthal is not loved by the Leedy faction, or the Lowell following, who are not objecting to him because he is a member of the State Temperance Union, or because of any lack of ability, but for party and personal reasons.

Higgins Breaks Into the Enclosure.

The Galena Daily Lever, ex-Secretary of State Higgins' new paper, is not waiting for an introduction to the politicians or for permission to speak, but is right out with its mind on the situation, criticizing those whom it does not like and indicating its preferences for those whom its editor is convinced is best fitted for the places to be filled. In one of its very first issues the Lever slaps Burton and refuses to unqualifiedly endorse Baker. There are men in the state whom its editor prefers to either, a list of names are given, that of H. C. Sims heading the selections. As no one will be found denying his right of choice, and as all must concede that few writers know the prominent men of Kansas more intimately, we suppose we will have to permit William to have his say.

The Mineral Mines of Kansas.

The Leavenworth Times calls attention to the fact that according to the annual report of Professor Haworth of the University of Kansas, the mineral products of this state for 1898 show an increased output of over one-fourth as compared with 1897, the increase in value being nearly eleven million dollars. The statistics given by the professor show that the mineral wealth of the state is a big factor in the total product.

The coal mined last year was valued at \$5,124,240, the zinc ore at \$3,642,725, the salt at \$160,200, gypsum at \$215,742, lead \$129,344. The zinc smelters turned out produce valued at \$20,025,385. The total mineral products reach the grand value of \$37,823,254. The total value of the agricultural output for the same year was a little over \$160,000,000. It will be seen that Kansas is by no means exclusively an agricultural state, but also great in its mineral industries.

The value of the coal mined last year exceeded that of 1897 by nearly \$1,000,000, while the value of salt was nearly doubled. Crawford and Cherokee counties have not only coal but lead and zinc mines of immense value. In Crawford county the output of coal was 2,096,745 tons; in Cherokee,

1,206,259 tons; in Leavenworth, 308,864 tons; in Osage 200,800 tons. When Leavenworth gets some more mines opened out, it should lead the state in the production of coal.

Is Johnny Bull a Real Fighter.

One German-American in explaining to another why the British have failed with their overwhelming numbers and unstinted supplies to whip a handful of Boer patriots, said: "Because for hundred and fifty years dose Britishers ain't fought men mit pants on." To say nothing of the implied reflections on the veteran Americans who have whipped Great Britain twice within the time specified, nor the fact that it is said that quite a number of the Boers arrayed against the British are women, it is a fact that the men whom Roberts formerly whipped, and whom Kitchener lately defeated, do not wear pants.

However, whatever of difficulty the British army may be experiencing in South Africa, there is plenty of trouble in England over the failures and blunders of the army. General Roberts' published dispatches, setting forth the irregular and incompetent conduct of the British commander at Spion Kop and elsewhere, are liable to prove highly demoralizing to the army.

They show how many precious lives must have been sacrificed to the conflict of authority and other manifestations of stupidity among the British officers and seem to call for a searching investigation.

If the British have no confidence in their generals, a feeling of widespread uneasiness will soon be engendered which will hardly add to the moral prestige of the war. The people have long expected as much, however.

Lord Roberts' disclosures of unpleasant facts will probably result in the recall of Buller and a general shifting of pieces on the African chessboard. England cannot afford such bungling operations when the great movement upon Pretoria is begun in earnest.

The New Pan-American Congress.

One of the favorite ideas of the late James G. Blaine did not die with him at all events. A Pan-American congress is to be reassembled, but the initiative is not to come from this country, but from the Latin republics to the south of us.

At a conference of diplomatic representatives of "the three Americas" in Washington, Saturday, to consider the matter of a program for the coming congress, neither Secretary Hay, who is the president ex officio of the bureau of American Republics, nor director Rockwell was in attendance. They were purposely absent, in order that the appearance of exerting influence upon the conference on the part of the Washington government might be avoided.

This is well. America has no wish to dominate over other republics on this hemisphere, despite attempts on the part of certain Spanish officials to create a contrary impression. The very best way to correct any misapprehension as to the attitude of the United States towards the smaller republics of America is to let them manage their "congress" and arrange the program thereof in their own way.

Puerto Rico's New Governor.

The appointment of Hon. Charles H. Allen, the assistant secretary of the navy, as the first governor of Puerto Rico under the civil regime, has been received with general satisfaction. He is regarded in Washington as just the man for the place—no easy assignment to office, especially in view of the curious taxation policy which congress has forced upon the unwilling Puerto Ricans.

Mr. McKinley's liking for Mr. Allen goes back to the time of their joint service in congress some years ago. Lowell's honored citizen has grown in ability, as well as in favor, since he assumed the duties in the navy department, which he has fulfilled with such ability and characteristic fidelity.

Not only the president, but Secretary Long and cabinet officials generally, have learned to like Assistant Secretary Allen, and as civil governor of Puerto Rico he will have the warm wishes and high hopes of a host in Washington, as well as of the entire people of the country.

A Sure Enough Expansion.

One billion eight hundred million postage stamps were distributed by the postoffice department during the months of January, February and March. These stamps went to the various agencies of the postoffice department. A great many stamps were sent to our new possessions. The issue of stamps during the last month amounted to \$44,457,570. None of these stamps went to the newly acquired territory. The issue of stamps for the quarter is the greatest known in the history of the department.

Mrs. O'Neill, the Chicago woman who bought \$50,000 worth of clothes from Chicago merchants, didn't pay for them, and went to Paris, has just sold the lots at private sale. The Chicago merchants are wearing life preservers to protect themselves in their own tears.

Jim Smith, the messenger boy to Kruger, has reached Paris. It is said that he bears himself with remarkable dignity. And this is a pretty hard thing for a boy 12 years old to do unless he is permitted to smoke a large cigar while the dignity current is on.

The Right Reverend William Paret, Episcopal Bishop of Maryland, aged 73, married Mrs. Haskell, a rich Chicago widow, the other day. From latter day events a man's capacity for getting gay does not fully develop until after he has reached 60.

It is said that a Chicago lawyer recently received a fee of \$25,000 for saying "Yes." That is considerable. But Count Castellane, who married Anna Gould, received several millions for saying "I do."

Mrs. Eddy writes her son to obey the law and let him self be vaccinated, but as soon as that is done to get down on his marrow bones and pray like a good fellow to be saved from the vaccination.

Emperor William is said to be the Sultan's advisor, and William by this time has probably told the Sultan that he can buy a pretty big mass of peace with that \$30,000, and that he might better do it.

Chauncey Depew declares that the senate has deteriorated since the days of Webster, Clay and Calhoun. This is also Beveridge's opinion, but he has been too modest to say so.

Next week Dewey will take a trip through the west, and as ever will be unable to distinguish public admiration for a naval hero from a popular demand that a man be a candidate.

When senators are elected by a direct vote of the people and it seems that is coming, the position of governor will be used to trade on for the more important place.

There are three million "students" in Paris doing the extension, and each has written to the Eagle wanting to send letters. The waste basket has been enlarged.

The sporting men refuse to bet on the coming Jeffries-Corbett fight. There are times when even enthusiasm can not make suckers out of sports.

At all events, Dewey must see that his candidacy was accepted fully as enthusiastically as the proposition to nominate Ben Harrison again.

Perhaps the Sultan delays in paying that \$30,000 for fear he will lose his only opportunity of seeing the best navy in the world in action.

It is said that Schley now ranks Sampson in the navy personnel bill. Which would be important; it only were not so unimportant.

A Conquering Hero.

It was one of the last of the church parades. Spring was almost at an end, and the shine of newness in bonnets was wearing. Albert, Sterrin was escorting Miss Gaud from services to her Madison avenue home, as he had done so faithfully for so many Sundays.

They had been silent for some blocks, when Helen suddenly exclaimed under her breath, "Oh, Albert, here comes Hugh Ladd!"

Did that "Oh" indicate a flutter at the approach of Ladd, who was struck of the Harvard crew and the hero of all the girls who knew him and of many who did not? Ladd the magnificent passed and bowed fascinatingly. The vision of strength endured but an instant. Sterrin side-glanced at Helen. He was puzzled to find her apparently serene.

"Isn't he superb?" she said, enthusiastically. "I hope his crew wins next Wednesday. Father is going to take me to see the race."

The audience was streaming out of the theater. Helen and Albert were among the first. The comedy had been dull. She was ready to get away. "It's so close, Helen," Sterrin ventured. "Don't you think you'd like to stop at Calyard's for some time?"

"The thought!" she murmured, laughing. At Calyard's all the tables but two were occupied. At one of these they sat. "There's Hugh Ladd," she whispered, almost at once, "having ice all by himself in the corner. Think of it! He won the race yesterday. Did you ever see such a champion?"

"Mr. Ladd is going to dine with us Sunday," she said, finally. Sterrin felt that the ax had fallen. He was not displeased when he saw her ready to leave. He felt for his wallet and then remembered that he had put it in his outer coat. He stood and reached the pocket. It was gone—lost or pocketed. For an instant he sought to admit the mishap. This, it seemed, was the final maladroitness of his hopes.

Then, desperate, he found inspiration. Taking his handkerchief, he thought it had been the object of his fumbling search, he suggested to Helen: "Let me ask Ladd over here for a moment. He looks quite alone."

"If you wish so," she assented, with so little concern that he wondered. "Ladd," Sterrin whispered, hoarsely, as he gave the champion's hand in his most "easy manner," "I'm in a desperate fix. I've lost my wallet. I said to Miss Gaud I meant to ask you to my table. As an enormous favor will you insist on our coming here?"

It was 1 o'clock when Sterrin was shown into Ladd's room at the Bollingbrook. He was all in a flutter, and laid a bill on the table, mumbling: "You have done me a wonderful service, Ladd."

"Nothing, dear fellow," grunted the champion. "Accidents will happen." "You'll be very happy, Ladd," Sterrin went on, confusedly. "Letting it to her, like men," said Ladd, solemnly.

Sterrin never knew how he got the drink down, but he did. "She's a sweet, indefinite little girl," said the champion, staring into his empty glass. "Have a smoke, Sterrin. I dare not. She refused my proposal yesterday after the race. The dinner Sunday is a good idea."

When the cards for the Sterrin-Cumford wedding were sent out a month later people said it was time. Nobody knew what it was. The doctor grabbed for Miss Stratton and jumped on the bank. Here he discovered that he had the young lady's cloak, but she was missing. Jumping into the water again, the doctor was lucky enough to find his charge, and taking her by the hair, carried her out. By this time one of the horses had broken loose from the buggy and had reached the bank, but the other horse was drowned. The bury was recovered further down the creek in a very dilapidated condition.

Courtesy Personified.

(From the Omaha World-Herald.) The car was so crowded, therefore quite a number of passengers suspended themselves from the straps and swayed with every motion of the car. A young man in the garb of a student, clinging to a strap with one hand while the other hand clung to a dinner pail. He was standing in front of a woman who was richly dressed and seemingly blessed with an abundance of this world's goods.

As the car swung round a corner the strap to which the young man clung parted with a snap and the young man was projected into the lap of the woman. As soon as he could recover his standing position he raised his hat and apologized by saying:

"Excuse me, madam. I am sorry to disturb you, but really this is the first time the street car company ever conferred a favor on me."

Labor commended the gallantry and the compliment.

A Logical Deduction.

(From the San Francisco Wave.) A good grandparent was chatting amicably with his little granddaughter, who was innocently questioning on occasion. "What makes your hair so white, grandpa?" the little miss queried. "I am very old, my dear; I was in the ark," replied his lordship, with a painful disregard of the truth. "Oh, are you Noah?" "No." "Are you Shem, then?" "No, I am not Shem." "Are you Ham?" "No." "Then," said the little one, who was fast nearing the limit of her biblical knowledge, "you must be Japhet." A negative reply was given to this query also. "But, grandpa, if you are not Noah, or Shem, or Ham, or Japhet, you must be a beast."

The Ways of the Candidate.

(Frank Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.) "Well, sub," said the old-time colored voter, "de ways or de candidate is past here!" All de year I been let on cryin' in de wilderness, en no man 'spon' ter cry, I holler fer bread, en dey give me a Belgian block en thirty cents. En now dey say 'Lech' to me, time comes on, en bless God, ef dey ain't pay my house rent, took de mortgage off my mule, settle my street tax on gummo 'nuff all close ter ager ter preachin'. En all I got ter my name is one vote en de rheumatism!"

Something of a Fiaseo.

(From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.) "Did you tell her father just what you thought of him?" "Yes, I did, confound him!" "What did he say?" "Well, I wrote it to him—and I made it mighty hot, too."

"What did he answer?" "Nothing. I—I was so mad that I forgot to put a stamp on the letter."

"Oh, well, probably they'll take it to him and he'll pay the missing postage."

"No, they won't."

"Why not?" "Because when I saw that I-I had forgotten to put a stamp on the letter, I was so provoked at my stupidity that I tore it up!"

Badly Needed.

(From the Philadelphia Press.) "I'm going to travel this year," said the young man with much money, then brain trust. "I've decided that I must change."

"I guess that's right," replied the one-eyed friend. "You've got dollars and you need sense."

All She Remembered.

(From the Washington Star.) "What was the topic of the debate in our class today?" asked one member of the feminine society.

"The topic of debate?" was the response. "Why—er—let me see—I can't remember what the topic was. But I voted on either the positive or negative side of the question—I forget which."

From His Point of View.

(From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.) "George, the soft coal is all gone and there isn't a stick of kindling wood."

"Good. That girl of ours won't be able to burn up the dinner today."

A Confirmed Cynic.

(From the New York Journal.) "It is the worst pessimism I ever knew."

"In what way?" "Well, he does not believe that the ice is as solid this summer as it was last winter."

Outlines of Oklahoma.

The Democrats, the Populists in Oklahoma will find, are out for the jobs this year.

A. H. Boles of Perry is against office-holders going to the Philadelphia convention.

The merry-go-rounds are at work in Oklahoma, taking in the nickels right and left.

Admiral Dewey handed a warm thing with crock dressing to Harry Thompson again, last week.

That new town of Glencoe, midway between Stillwater and Pawnee, is going to make considerable of a place.

Isenberg of Enid is fighting the slot machines. He doesn't believe a man gets 5 cents' worth of anticipation out of one of them.

The people along the Oklahoma and Eastern have been assured that mail service will be instituted on that line in a few days.

Cousins, a Sac and Fox, was recovered from the Indians only to find that during his sickness his fifth wife deserted him.

At a recent meeting of the Osage council, Ne-kah-wah-shum-ah made a long-winded speech. We don't see how he could help it.

There is a lively scrap on for the Osage agency. Mitchell of Oklahoma City is said to have the endorsement of Indian Commissioner Jones.

"Veritas," "Pro Bono Publico" and "Tax-Payer" have a rival in Oklahoma. He is a kicker who signs his communications to the local paper as "I. N. Dignant."

A rainbow was seen last Sunday night at Perkins. It was half past ten o'clock in the evening, the moon was shining brightly and the rainbow was unusually distinct.

Dick Shanafelt of Perry, a Rough Rider who served in Cuba, has the war-poll in his veins and can't sleep off it. He will enlist this week and go to the Philippines.

A whole lot of the men who say now that it is impossible to pass free homes, will, as soon as it passes, go around declaring that it would have gone through by itself, anyhow, as everybody was for it.

A man living near Stillwell was last week grabbed by his neighbors and brought into town for being insane. But they failed to prove it on him, and how glorious must be the feeling in that neighborhood now.

A Democrat at Perry says that if free homes becomes a law the fusionists will not elect as much as a constable in Oklahoma this fall. But they will. The opposition will get out and claim that free homes was a non-partisan measure.

Shawnee Democrat on the candidate: "He kissed the babe and rubbed the heads of Sam and Bill and Sue; he swore the twins were beautiful and wished he had two. But that don't count. He asked about the corn bread which he vainly tried to chase, and forthwith begged for the recipe of course that tickled me. But that don't count. But just before he left, he stopped and winked and closed up his jaw, and slipped out behind the barn and drank with papa—and that's what counts."

Cheyenne Sunbeam: While taking Miss Stratton to her home on White Shield, last Sunday, Dr. John Standifer met with a quite serious accident. The heavy rains had washed out the crossing on Beaver Dam and when the doctor drove in the buggy disappeared in some ten feet of water. The doctor was grabbed for Miss Stratton and jumped on the bank. Here he discovered that he had the young lady's cloak, but she was missing. Jumping into the water again, the doctor was lucky enough to find his charge, and taking her by the hair, carried her out. By this time one of the horses had broken loose from the buggy and had reached the bank, but the other horse was drowned. The bury was recovered further down the creek in a very dilapidated condition.

Along the Kansas Nile.

Ed Howe of Atchison is the only Kansas editor who will attend the Paris exposition.

Rev. Father Wierma of Newton falls from New York for France May 12. He will take in the exposition.

The next big row between the Democrats and Populists will take place in the Third district of Kansas May 21. Labor Commissioner Johnson's investigations show that wages are going up in Kansas, and also the price of living.

A defeated candidate in Harvey county says that there are core spots on him, but you can't see 'em without the aid of a microscope.

George C. Clemens has been nominated by the Socialist central committee for governor. In Kansas he and Deane will run neck and neck.

The Hutchinson fire department has notified the mayor that unless its warrants are cashed pretty soon the city will be without fire protection.

Never before in southern Kansas have the cherry trees been so full of blossoms. This interests farmers little, but it is mighty good news for the birds.

It is claimed that if fusion fails in the Third district, everything will go to smash among the fusionists in Kansas, including the nominations for the state ticket.

Mrs. Samuel Crawford, wife of ex-Governor Crawford, is very ill in Washington. Her children, Mrs. Arthur Sapper and Mr. George Crawford of Topeka, have been sent for.

Dur's friends have gone in their eyes. The Hutchinson News says: "The traveling men this week stood by Claude Duval, and intend to vote either for him for congress or for Long."

Bill Higgins has wrapped his large, brown felt around a lead pencil, and in his new position as editor has suggested Lorman H. Humphrey as a possible candidate for United States senator.

El Dorado Republican: Wichita is more prosperous than at any time in her history. The town is growing rapidly and solidly and is also growing rich. Wichita is no longer a high grass frontier town.

It is said that J. R. Horton has recently declared that "no third man racket" can be played on him. He means by this that if a third man is sprung he will probably throw his strength to Senator Baker.

Observation from Edwin Herbert on one of the mysteries of neighborhood love in Kansas: "The little boy from a neighbor's" with a tin bucket can get cream of a woman, but the woman neighbor can't."

It is thought that the Duval-Campbell matter will be patched up, but if the Democrats in cold blood decided to lay all the blame on the Populists for the Great Bend explosion the matter never will be patched up.

The thing which is said to be at the bottom of the trouble is a suggestion to the constitution of the Shawnee League which declares the ultimate purpose of the organization to be the annihilation of the Populist party.

Reverend Arthur Cravay of Chicago announces that hereafter he will pay full fare on railroad trains and not take half fare; he also requests merchants not to discount goods for him, simply because he is a preacher. He says he is no beggar.

Dr. Dorado Republican: A Topeka Republican says in print that he can see no difference between the Leiland gang and the Curtis gang, except that the Curtis gang is running business in a more offensive way than did the Leiland gang.

Last Sunday Mrs. John R. Mulvane of Topeka, a devoted member of the Baptist church, was too ill to attend church service, and a telephone receiver was placed in the church and she remained at home and heard through the instrument all the songs and the sermon.

All the Kansas newspapers are for the delivery of vice president by McKinley. Last year Delivered passed through

Geo. Innes & Co.

This Is Lace Day

We offer special for today 2,000 yards linen Torchon Lace, from 2 to 4 inches wide, at the phenomenal low price of 5c per yard.

Tomorrow

It will be sterling Friendship Hearts at 10c.

Wednesday

We offer 2,000 yards 36-inch Percales at 6 3/4c. You can't match this fabric elsewhere under 10c.

Thursday

Choice from 50 dozen cambric, hemstitched Handkerchiefs, point Venice lace trimmed, at 12 1/2c. See them in south window.

Have You...

FLOWERS

At home in a pot, box, can or some castaway pan or pail? A beautiful flower becomes commonplace and loses its artistic effect in your room when so displayed.

We Have

JARDINIERS

The correct and strictly proper thing to put your potted flowers in, in our south window. We are showing an elegant line of the new mottled, with triple gold edge, in four sizes. They are real handsome and the latest out.

In our north window we have a fine and complete line of the Louwelsea. All the beautiful designs and fancy colors.

We can please you in quality, pattern and price, upwards from 50c.

J. E. CALDWELL, 130 N. Main.

The Man of the Hour...

A Magnificent Portrait of

President McKinley

Reproduced in Ten Colors from a Late Photograph, for which the President Specialty Sat, at the request of the Publishers (Size 14x21 inches).



will be published by us about June 1. It is now being printed on heavy plate paper, in form suitable for framing, by one of the largest art lithograph houses in America, in the famous French style of color-plate work. Every American family will want one of these handsome pictures of the President. It must be remembered that this picture will be in no sense a cheap crime, but will be an example of the very highest style of illuminated printing. It will be an ornament to any library or drawing room. Our readers can have the McKinley portrait at WHAT IT COSTS US (NAME, BY TEN CENT PER COPY) by merely filling out the coupon below, and sending it to this